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Home Reminiscences

And Other Poems

DEDICATED TO

THE HON. REGINALD C. E. ABBOT

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

ELIZABETH S. COLCHESTER

Unpublished

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Dedication.



TO MY DEAREST SON.

Howe'er unmeet for public gaze
Home's fond memorials prove,
The cherish'd dreams of childhood's days
Are dear to filial love !
This retrospect of by-gone years
Thy faithful heart will prize :—
A mother's hopes—a mother's fears—
Prove sacred in thine eyes !

And oh !—with talismanic power
Should these fond Lays be blest —
To warn thee in some dangerous hour,
Or shield thy ardent breast !—
Should they *one* generous impulse fire,
One erring thought restrain,—
This hope will soothe my heart's desire—
They were not breathed in vain !

E. S. C.

April, 1861.

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Home Reminiscences

MONODY
ON MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,
STILL-BORN,
November 14th, 1837.



THY Will be done ! Yet oh forgive the tear
A Mother sheds upon her Infant's bier !
Oh ! in that hour of agony and gloom,
When shrinking nature struggles with her doom,
When Eve's dread curse in all its wrath descends,
And 'neath its force the fated Mother bends ;
Then, when alone the Heaven-directed prayer
Can lend her power each torturing pang to bear ;
One hope to earth still bids the sufferer cling —
One dream of bliss, whence future joys shall spring —

Sustain'd by this — beyond her present woes,
She looks to that blest moment of repose,
When, torments o'er — each suffering lull'd to rest,
She'll clasp her new-born Infant to her breast !

But, who shall say how desolate and drear
That wish'd-for moment must, alas ! appear,
If, freed from pain, she only breathes again,
Another — bitterer cup of woe to drain ?
If not a sound of life, no infant wail,
The fond expectant Mother's ear assail ?
Breathless with fear, she asks her offspring's fate,
But, mute and awe-struck, all beside her wait !
Speechless, with keen suspense they stand around,
'Twixt doubt and dread in solemn stillness bound —
Again — again — she craves the worst to know,
Till in their eyes she reads her tale of woe !

Oh, dreadful thought ! those pangs, that mortal strife,
Which should have waked the blossom into life,
Ere it could draw from Heaven its earliest breath,
Had closed its little dawning powers — in death !
That hour, so precious to maternal love,
Comes, but to bid her mourn her sainted dove !
Weep o'er her blighted hopes — and breathe a prayer,
That God in mercy shield her from despair,
And aid her heart unmurmuring to resign
An only Infant to His will Divine !
E'en whilst her spell-bound fancy roves along,
Still picturing dreams of bliss indulged so long —
How — as its little hands her bosom prest,
Her babe would draw the life-blood from her breast ;
Whilst she would feed upon its rosy smile,
And feel this new-born joy each care beguile ;
Or watch its cradle slumbers, pure and blest,
Through the light draperies of its graceful nest —

But now, that cot untenanted remains —
A ruder bed its little form contains —
God claim'd its spirit, ere He gave it birth —
And doom'd the rest to join its parent earth !

Then, Gracious Father ! list a Mother's prayer,
And grant her strength this sad reverse to bear ;
Teach her to feel, whatever ills befall,
'Tis Thine unerring Wisdom sends them all !
E'en now, perchance, that Mercy deals this blow,
To wean her feelings from this world below ;
Aid her henceforth to cling to Thee alone,
'Midst all her grief to seek Thy heavenly throne !
Dwell on the meek endurance of Thy Son —
And whisper through her tears,—Thy Will be done !

Nov. 19th, 1837,
8, Great Cumberland Place.

RESIGNATION.



I WILL not weep, — lest every tear of mine
 Should seem to murmur at Thy will Divine !
 I will not mourn, — howe'er severe the blow
 Which bids my bursting heart with grief o'erflow.
 Nay, rather shall my chasten'd thoughts confess
 How great the mercies, Lord ! I still possess.
 A lot so highly blest, that, but for this,
 Too much my thoughts had clung to earthly bliss.
 Crown'd with that joy, all other joys above,
 That dearest gift of Heaven — a husband's love !
 A husband, fond, affectionate, sincere,
 With spotless heart, to God and Virtue dear ;
 Who never caused *one* human tear to flow,
 But soothes with sympathy that lightens woe ;

The prop and stay of all who need his care,
His home and Heaven his fond devotion share.
His Lord's mild doctrines rule his blameless life ;
Oh, how unlike that zeal which causeth strife !
So bright a fate required Thy chastening rod
To wean me from terrestrial dreams—to God !
To teach my heart, each worldly hope, how vain !
How soon the brightest vision turns to pain !
That pure delights disdain all dross of earth,
And only spring from joys of Heavenly birth !
Deign then, O Lord ! with these my soul to fill ;
Bend every wish submissive to Thy will !
Till, humbly journeying on through life's career,
Unmoved by pleasure, and unsway'd by fear,
When the last scene shall close this world to me,
Death may unbar the gates which lead to Thee !

Nov. 27th, 1837,
8, Great Cumberland Place.

A CRADLE SONG,
ADDRESSED TO MY BELOVED BOY
IN HIS EARLIEST INFANCY.

SLEEP, my Babe!—thy Mother's eye
Its vigil keeps beside thy bed,
Whilst fondest prayers ascend on high,
For blessings on thy infant head.
Trembling now, she dreads to mark
What fragile powers thy life sustain,
A breath might quench that vital spark,
And leave her childless once again.

Sleep, my Babe ! — thy future years,
 Though veil'd from us, to God are known ;
In humble trust, her hopes and fears
 Thy Mother casts before His throne.
There, she prays that Heavenly Grace
 May guide thee on thy earthly way,
In health and peace to run thy race,
 Though pleasures tempt and snares betray.

Sleep, my Babe ! — 'tis hers to store
 With Christian truths thy infant mind ;
Lead thee thy Saviour to adore,
 And bid thee toil to serve mankind.
For every talent God bestows,
 Still for the general good is given ;
To labour doom'd till life shall close,
 Man sows on earth, to reap in heaven.

Sleep, my Babe ! — and may thy life
The dauntless Christian's course reveal !
Nor shrink, if call'd to busy strife,
For private good, or public weal.
To win the patriot's wreath of fame,
Selfish ignoble ease resign ;
Be thine ambition's loftiest aim,
To do thy Father's Will Divine !

E. S. C.

February, 1842.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY POOR SISTER,

MARY F. DYNELEY,

WHO EXPIRED AT BYTOWN, CANADA WEST, AFTER A FEW DAYS' ILLNESS,

Sept. 16th, 1851.



By strangers laid in her western grave,
She sleeps on a foreign strand —
And the wide Atlantic rolls its wave
Between her and her native land !
And we, who thought round our hearth to greet
Bright smiles — and the voice of mirth,
Must now — in tears and in sadness meet,—
For a Sister lies cold in the earth !

As late in Canadian wilds she roam'd
Amongst dark primeval woods,
Where the rushing torrents in whirlpools foam'd,
And dash'd their impetuous floods;
'Mid scenes of Nature's sublimest strife
She linger'd, entranced with awe,—
And purer, healthier springs of life,
Thence vainly imagined to draw.

As each wilder beauty arose to view,
She braved the sun's scorching glare,
Nor dreamt, when refresh'd by the evening dew,
That the Angel of Death was there.
Till, oh ! — how sudden the warning came,
Which bade her prepare to die !
She heard, and she call'd on her Saviour's name,
But breathed neither plaint nor sigh !

Fondly she gazed on the loved ones near,
As they wept beside her bed;
And a blessing craved, with a pious tear,
On her absent children's head!
Then, meekly lifting her thoughts on high —
To this world she bade farewell!
And her spirit fled without a sigh —
And they toll'd her funeral knell!

And now, alas! 'tis our desolate part,
Since Mary is gone to her rest —
To weep o'er the warmest and kindest heart
That e'er beat in a human breast!
Whilst with fervour she clung to each earthly tie,
Serving all, with devotion and zeal,
The tear of the stranger would claim her sigh,—
For she lived but for other's weal!

But now — her life and her cares are o'er ;
That hand and that heart are chill !
And that kindly voice shall be heard no more,
Save in echoes that haunt us still !
Yet, poor the tribute our grief would afford,
Were but tears to her memory given, —
Let a nobler triumph her tomb record,
That she lifted our hearts to Heaven !

E. S. C.

Kidbrooke, Oct. 1851.

LINES ADDRESSED

TO MY DEAREST BOY

ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY,

Feb. 13th, 1852.



TEN years have run their varied race
Since first, my darling Boy,
I gazed upon thine infant face
With all a Mother's joy!
Since then, full many an hour I've known
Of anxious trembling care —
But God hath look'd in mercy down,
And heard a Mother's prayer!

Now oft, when thought on roving wing

Onward through time will soar,

Till fancy's dreams before me bring

My Son — a child no more ;

When visions of the future rise

To chill my heart with fear,

And danger's forms, in varied guise,

To haunt thy youth appear ;

Of Him I crave, Whose eye alone

Thy destined course can trace,

To grant thee still, to manhood grown,

The guidance of His Grace !

Trust not thyself—nor rashly brave

The wily tempter's power ;

The prayer of faith alone can save

In dark temptation's hour !

Nor trust to *Man*, his wiles may lead
The purest mind astray —
But search the Scriptures for thy creed,
And God's commands obey!
And, oh ! when young aspiring Hope
First wings her eager flight,
Let Reason with Ambition cope,
To steer thy course aright.

Let no false light, in glory's guise,
Allure thy ardent soul !
Too many start to win that prize,
Who never reach the goal !
I would not check that love of fame
Which leads to high renown ;
I would but Christianise its flame
Thy loftiest hopes to crown !

I would not quench that noble fire
Which burns within thy breast —
But seek, by curbing rash desire,
To make Ambition — blest !
I would not dim one sunny ray
That gilds thy dream of life ;
I would but light thee on thy way,
And arm thee for the strife !

Should talents rare and patient zeal,
Blest by the hand Divine,
The secrets of success reveal,
And fame at length be thine—
Oh ! in that proud, but dangerous hour,
When crowds around thee wait,
And eloquence, with magic power,
Controls a nation's fate,

Let no vainglorious love of sway
Thy patriot breast allure —
Self-sacrifice must point the way
Thy victory to secure !
The flattering breath of man's applause
May yield a transient fame ;
But triumphs in thy Country's cause
Shall win a deathless name !

My Child !—whilst now these eyes o'erflow
With fond maternal love,
One offering shall my heart bestow,
One prayer to God above !
That still, throughout thy blest career,
To Him thy soul be given —
And thus, thy path of glory here —
Secure thy crown in Heaven !

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAREST SISTER,

ANNE, LADY COLVILLE.

WRITTEN ON MY RETURN TO KIDBROOKE,

July, 1852.



I.

OH, Friend ! beloved from earliest years,

Art thou for ever gone ?

Snatch'd from this world of cares and tears,—

God's holy will be done !

If from thy blest abode on high

Thou look'st on earthly gloom,

How vain must seem each rebel sigh

That would have stay'd thy doom !

II.

Through many a year, whilst trials sore
Thy Christian heart would brave,
Faith pointed to a brighter shore,
A land beyond the grave !
Thus, wean'd from earth—resign'd in calm
Thy daily path to tread,
Religion pour'd her heavenly balm
Upon thy pious head !

III.

'Twas mine to share thy converse sweet,
Thy inmost thoughts to know ;
Our hearts in unison had beat,
Since life first bade them glow !
Alas ! those precious hours are o'er
When, seated side by side,
To highest themes our thoughts would soar,
The Scriptures for our guide !

IV.

Too sadly now each scene recalls

In vain thy form beloved !

The wood, the spring, the rocky falls —

Where we together roved.

The birchen grove — thy favourite bower,

All speak to me of thee !

There is not e'en a drooping flower

But seems to weep with me !

V.

That window, where, with listening ear,

So oft I've stood to catch

The distant sound of wheels draw near,

Thy loved approach to watch —

Now speaks of happier days gone by,

In sweet communion past ;

Whilst each fond memory wakes a sigh,

Such blessings could not last !

VI.

Though many a shade of earthly gloom
Had cross'd thy path of late,
Who could have deem'd this early doom
Was destined thee by fate ?
So full of vigour, health, and force,
Endow'd with active zeal,
One guiding aim inspired thy course
To live for others' weal !

VII.

Our sanguine hopes undimm'd by fears,
We fondly dreamt, alas !
'Twas thine, a lengthen'd term of years
In health and bliss to pass !
But dark corroding grief had power
To do the work of time,
And cut thee off, a noontide flower,
Whilst life was in its prime !

VIII.

Thy alter'd form—thy pallid cheek—
That wasted day by day —
Too clearly to my heart would speak
Thy hopeless swift decay !
'Twas bitter pain to see thee fade —
To hear that thou must die —
But, whilst thy need required my aid,
I scarce had time to sigh !

IX.

But now — that hourly task is o'er —
The blank thy loss hath left,
Prompts the sad plaint, unknown before,—
“ I am indeed bereft ! ”
Yet hush ! I dare not to repine —
God chastens man in love !
Still, many a blessing *here* is mine —
Whilst *thou* art blest above !

TO THE MEMORY
OF
DEAREST ANNE COLVILLE.

Kidbrooke, July, 1852.

THOUGH kindest friends surround me,
And strive to chase my gloom,
Thy memories press around me,
My thoughts are in thy tomb!
Alas! I fain would borrow
A light and careless tone,
But deep and heartfelt sorrow
Hath language of its own!

In others' schemes of pleasure

I strive to take a part —

Alas !—those hours of leisure

Hang heavy on my heart !

For, oh !—each voice of gladness,

That should to mirth incline,

Recalls, with bitter sadness,

That Death hath silenced thine !

TO

DEAREST ANNE'S CANARY.

Kidbrooke, July 22nd, 1852.



SWEET bird ! it thrills my heart to hear
Thy soft and tuneful lay,
When *She* thy carol used to cheer
Hath past from earth away !
There—in her island home, alone—
With none but thee to love,
Oft would thy fate—so like her own—
Her soft compassion move !

For two long years, 'twas thine to soothe

Her sorrows with thy song—

For charms—life's rugged path to smooth,

To music's spells belong !

But now—unconscious of her doom—

Cease, warbler—cease thy lay—

Alas ! the notes that cheer'd her gloom—

Must bid me weep to-day !

ON

THE DEATH OF MY BOY'S FAVOURITE
GOLDFINCH.

COME, Darling, on thy Mother's breast
Pure sorrow's tear-drops shed !
Ease thy young heart, with grief opprest,
Which mourns its favourite dead !

Alas ! my Boy—each earthly tie,
Will thus at last be riven—
Each living thing we love must die—
We have no hope but Heaven !

But there are words of comfort still,
Which Holy Writ recalls —
Without our Heavenly Father's Will —
Not e'en a sparrow falls!

Then let us trust His love divine,
And feel our God is near!
To Him our hearts and hopes resign,
And banish ev'ry fear!

Kidbrooke, Oct. 5th, 1853.

THE INUNDATION AT KIDBROOKE,
IN OCTOBER, 1853 ;
OR,
THE STRIKE OF THE STREAM.^a

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

^a Kidbrooke House was built by William Lord Abergavenny, over the bed of a stream which descends from the Forest of Ashdown, and which had been partially diverted from its course to make way for the building.

^b The Bull is the crest of the Nevilles; their motto "Ne Vile Velis." The Arms of the family were placed over the porch of entrance on the east front. Kidbrooke was purchased from William first *Earl* of Abergavenny, by Charles Abbot, first Lord Colchester, who built the Library, and placed his Arms over the portico on the west front.

^c The Unicorn is the crest of the Abbots.

^d In the year 1853, there was a strike amongst the weavers and cabmen, and the spirit of resistance appears to have communicated itself to the stream.

^e There is a strong chalybeate spring in the grounds at Kidbrooke, and the whole soil of the surrounding country is impregnated with iron.



I.

WHEN first these lands a despot sway'd,

And Ashdown's griefs began,

A haughty noble own'd the glade

Through which my current ran —

My verdant banks and woody vale

Allured his pamper'd eye —

Ah! — when did Beauty's charms prevail

To move Compassion's sigh?

II.

At his command,—my alter'd course
Dark stones and tiles enclose ;
And there — where Freedom bent to Force,
The Nevill's Palace rose !
Regardless of its own device,
The Bull ^b usurp'd my reign ;
Nor could one other spot suffice
Within his wide domain !

III.

The hated Crest above me frown'd
In mockery of my woe—
But year by year, still under ground,
My tide was doom'd to flow—
The Unicorn ^c ere long appear'd
When Abbot ruled my fate ;
But captive still,—I roll'd uncheer'd —
Unalter'd was my state !

IV.

But, oh! — what gleams of flattering hope

Now through my spirit steal ?

I see the sky's dark floodgates ope,

And freedom's dawn reveal !

The mingling waters' rushing tide

Hath pierced my dark domain,

And told how captives far and wide

Have burst the oppressor's chain !

V.

The language of that upper world,

All hush'd for years to me —

Cries, "Freedom's banners are unfurl'd ;

Strike — strike — and all are free !" ^d

If weavers and if cabmen find

A Strike increase their pay,

Why should a Streamlet flow resign'd

Debarr'd the light of day ?

VI.

The iron of my native soil
I feel within me glow—^e
No more for tyrant Lords I'll toil,
But all their pride o'erthrow—
No waters from my Stream shall deign
Their leaden pipes to fill—
I will resume my ancient reign,
But scorn its narrow rill!

VII.

The high-born dame, in wild despair,
Shall look in terror down—
And, whilst I flood her gay parterre,
The Bull in vain may frown!
The Unicorn shall plead in vain
It *found* me fetter'd there—
For *He* who winks at slavery's chain,
The slave's revenge must share!

VIII.

That Portico, which classic taste
Erst rear'd to learned lore—
Submerged beneath the watery waste,
My vengeance shall deplore —
My limpid spring no more shall lend
Its health-inspiring source—
But all its refuse downward send,
To taint its troubled course !

IX.

The stagnant pool my tide shall feed,
By forest marsh supplied —
The reptile in my waters breed,
Its venom to provide —
The deadly fungus' noxious breath
Along my banks shall rise,
To menace with disease and death
Whoe'er my wrath defies !

X.

No more shall Lords, enthroned in pride,
The mountain stream enchain,
“The Rights of Brooks” — too long denied —
Our Strike shall now maintain ;
My rushing flood shall undermine
And spoil that Palace fair ;
Shall mingle with its choicest wine,
Nor costliest treasures spare.

XI.

By Fate decreed, 'tis mine the wrongs
Of ages to redress —
And Spirits of the Stream in songs
Henceforth, my name shall bless !
As, through the untenanted domain
They'll claim their native sway,
And smile to see Destruction reign
'Mid Kidbrooke's ruins grey.

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAREST BOY

BEFORE HIS

FIRST DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL,

April, 1854.



BELOVED one!—as the hour draws near

Which dooms us first to part,

Fond memories of each by-gone year

Crowd thickly round my heart!

First — I recall those infant days,

When cradled on my breast,

I watched thee with enraptured gaze,

And lull'd thee to thy rest.

Then soon 'twas mine that bliss to share,
To Mothers only given —
To join thy little hands in prayer,
And raise thy thoughts to Heaven !
And, as thy dawning mind awoke,
'Twas still my fondest aim,
To bid thy infant voice invoke
And lisp thy Saviour's name !

How richly were my hopes fulfill'd—
How deep the joy reveal'd—
When first I watch'd the soil I'd till'd
Its opening treasures yield !
And, yet — how full of care my task !
For anxious Mothers know,
Though fertile soils yield all we ask,
There weeds more quickly grow !

'Midst days of watching — nights of care —

Through childhood's perils rear'd —

The God who heard my humble prayer

Thy bark in safety steer'd !

Still, as each year fresh dangers rose,

New terrors to impart,

Duty would sterner tasks impose,

To brace my shrinking heart !

Feigning a force I did not feel,

Thy courage to maintain,

Hourly I've striven my nerves to steel

'Gainst anguish, fear, and pain !

How oft I've watch'd thee mount thy steed

From 'neath that porch at morn —

And breathless gazed — while o'er the mead,

Thy fragile form was borne !

But, oh ! — how keen soe'er each fear,

My heart till now hath proved,

'Twas bliss at least to feel thee near,

To see thy face beloved !

Now — doom'd to send thee far away

From 'neath my fostering wing,

Uncertain, through the livelong day,

What risks each hour may bring !

No more thy merry voice to hear,

Thy lively converse share,

Nor catch with anxious list'ning ear

Thy footstep on the stair —

Oh ! — 'twill be hard, that smile to miss

That fill'd our home with light —

The prayer at morn — the fervent kiss —

The last embrace at night !

Yet — if 'twere selfish grief alone

That urged the timorous strain,

I'd teach my heart a loftier tone,

And nerve my soul to pain !

But who to stranger hands, unmoved,

Untrembling — could resign

The care of years — the child beloved —

Round whom our heart-strings twine ?

'Midst voices strange, and scenes untried,

Unknown — unloved — to roam ;

A wanderer from his parents' side,

An exile from his home !

Where new temptations spread their snare,

The guileless to betray —

And reckless youths, in sport, prepare

The lure — that leads astray —

Where sickness — accident, or pain,
His slender frame may seize —
Or sudden shock, his mind sustain,
That may entail disease —
'Tis these — which rouse a Mother's fears —
These wake her anguish wild —
Then, oh! — forgive the parting tears
She sheds upon her Child!

Yet, — in affliction's darkest hour,
One Voice can whisper "Peace!"
One merciful o'erruling Power
Can bid the tempest cease!
Oh! — if on Him each earthly care
In humble faith we cast,
The Peace of God shall crown our prayer,
And bring us rest at last!

Go, then, my Child! — to Him I yield

The gift, His mercy gave ;

'Tis He alone thy head can shield,

Thy soul — from error save !

Alike, 'midst danger, grief, or joy,

On Him for aid rely ;

Though far from home, my darling Boy,

Thy God is ever nigh !

April 20th, 1854.

ON THE DEATH OF MY NEPHEW,
CAPT. F. H. RAMSDEN,
WHO FELL, WITH SEVEN OF HIS BROTHER-OFFICERS OF THE COLDSTREAM
GUARDS,
AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN,
Nov. 5th, 1854.

Soon must this year of sorrow close ;
But e'er its course be sped,
Oh, pause awhile ! — to weep with those
Who mourn their loved ones dead !
Alas ! how many a widow'd heart
Recalls the last embrace ;
Whilst looks and tears to memory start,
Which leave their deathless trace !

How many a youth — his father's pride —

The prop of waning years —

Now rudely sever'd from his side,

Hath doom'd his age to tears !

Some portion of this general gloom

Each British home must share,

Since each bewails the fatal doom

Of *One* — long cherish'd there !

But now — that death's relentless blow

Thy own loved hearth invades,

And crush'd 'neath agonising woe

Each hopeful vision fades —

Mother bereaved ! despair like thine —

No mortal arm can stay —

'Tis God alone — whose hand Divine

Can wash thy tears away !

Then raise to Heaven that weeping eye —
 Though clouds around thee lower,
Faith plants her rainbow in the sky,
 And braves the tempest's power !
She warns thee, 'midst thine anguish keen,
 Thou art not all unblest —
A duteous child thy Son had been,
 Of noble heart possesst—

Of courage high — beloved by all --
 Gay, talented, and brave —
Mingled with balm the tears should fall
 We shed on Frederick's grave !
At duty's call — his dear loved home
 He left, for that rude shore,
Where Pestilence and Death still roam
 Amid the tempest's roar !

But nought could daunt that gallant breast —

No perils quench his zeal —

He scaled the heights on Alma's crest,

And braved the foeman's steel —

Eighteen long nights exposed he lay

To wintry blasts severe,

But still, unurm'ring — day by day,

He strove his men to cheer !

And, when that fatal dawn reveal'd

The Russian's countless host,

Towards Inkerman's immortal Field

He hasten'd to his post !

There — with his gallant band, that day,

Who earn'd a deathless Name —

He kept the hostile force at bay,

And saved his country's fame !

Foremost amid his comrades brave,
Who strew'd the blood-stain'd ground,
Too soon he found a Soldier's grave —
And fell — with glory crown'd !
Now — water'd by their Country's tears
One common grave they share —
Whilst History's muse, in future years,
Their prowess shall declare !

But vain to *Her* this world's renown,
Who mourns o'er Frederick's tomb !
She asks not for an earthly crown —
But weeps his early doom !
Yet — oh ! fond Mother ! — gaze on high,
Where Angels guard our sphere ;
Who hail'd with joy, perchance — that sigh,
Which closed his trials here !

Oh ! if our view beyond this earth,
Eternity might scan —
Who would not rather weep the birth,
Than mourn the death, of man ?
Toss'd on the troubled sea of life,
By waves and tempests driven —
The dying Christian changes strife
For lasting peace in Heaven !

December 31, 1854.

TO MY DEAREST BOY,
REGINALD C. E. ABBOT,
ON HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY,
Feb. 13. 1855.

ON this thy natal day, my Boy, —
The first we spend apart —
Although not mine the present joy
To clasp thee to my heart —
Together still our thoughts we'll raise
In sweet communion blest,
To Heaven's High Lord, in grateful Praise
And suppliant Prayer address'd !

In Praise, for Love — which, till this hour

Hath shelter'd thee from ill —

In Prayer — that His Almighty power

May guide and guard thee still !

Then, oh, my Child ! — for His loved sake,

Thy ardent mind control ;

To high resolve — its powers awake,

Lest passion snare thy soul !

Life's opening scene before thee spreads

Those trials all must face —

One path to fame and honour leads,

The *Other* — to disgrace !

In thee, loved Child ! our hearts confide —

To thee our trust is given —

Cling to thy Saviour as thy guide,

And choose the path to Heaven !

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAREST BOY,

REGINALD ABBOT,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY,

Feb. 13. 1856.



SACRED to hope and pure delight,

I hail this day, my Child !

When first thine eyes awoke to light,

And on thy Mother smiled !

My grateful heart, in notes of Praise,

Ascends to God above !

Whose precious gift has cheer'd my days

With fond maternal love !

Alas, my Child! — thou ne'er canst know,

Those pangs of anxious care,

Which hourly in my bosom glow,

And vent themselves in Prayer! —

How fervently I crave His power

Within thy heart may dwell,

To guard thee in the Tempter's hour,

By Faith's all conquering spell!

In Virtue's path thy steps to guide,

And Passion's force control —

Till strength, from His pure fount supplied,

Invigorate thy soul!

Though toss'd amid the storms of life,

Thy bark the gale shall brave!

The Christian shrinks not from the strife—

Since God is there to save!

'Tis thus Religion's form appears
To soothe my throbbing brain,
And bid me chase those vision'd fears
Which nurse Ideal pain !
The unknown future to His care
In humble faith resign —
And wait, in calm submissive prayer,
Whate'er His Will design !

34, Berkeley Square.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.



SHE sank to earth! — and with her died

The secret of her love!

None mark'd her droop — save *One* -- beside

Herself,—and God above!

Now, o'er her tomb light hearts shall pause —

Some kindly tears bestow —

And check their mirth — to ask the cause

So early laid her low!

Some deem the rude and wintry blast
Had seized her fragile form,
For, as her sunny skies o'ercast,
None traced the inward storm !
One changeless feeling — pure and strong,
In sleepless silence nurst —
Had racked her faithful breast too long ;
And now — her heart hath burst !

ADDRESSED
TO MY DEAREST BOY,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY,
Feb. 13. 1857.

As, year by year — Life's ebbing tide
Rolls back my thoughts from earth,
They hail, with hopes to Heaven allied —
The day which gave thee birth!
E'en from that hour — when Mercy smiled
Propitious on my prayer —
The blessing of a duteous Child
Has soothed a Mother's care!

Oh Reginald! — within thy heart
 May Heavenly Grace prevail —
And to thy youth such strength impart,
 Thy faith may never fail!
In after life — oh! be it thine
 To toil for England's Fame —
And Christian zeal with truth combine
 To earn a Patriot's name!

When silent in some future year
 My voice and heart shall be —
Though Memory wake affection's tear,
 Grieve not, my Child, for me!
But — if with tributary gift
 Thou wouldst my love repay—
To God, in prayer, thy heart uplift,
 And yield it to His sway!

A LAMENT FROM BELGRAVIA.



“OH that friends would but leave me unfetter'd and free
To indulge the desire of my soul!”

Cried a Maid, half-inclined from her home to flee,
For her spirit chafed sore at control! —

“Then I'd join with delight in each Priestly display,
Where the loud pealing anthems resound —
Where the gorgeous Procession, with banners so gay,
Casts a halo religion around!

“ Adorn’d in the garb of my Order — secure
Of their homage — I’d visit the poor —
Applause from spectators — my Badge would insure,
As I halted at Misery’s door !

“ How diff’rent, alas ! — my dependent career !
To monotonous duties confined !
No excitement or rapture my senses to cheer —
Of what use can I be to mankind ?

“ In household concerns, forced my hours to employ —
In pursuits that no pleasure convey —
Unknown — undistinguish’d — a stranger to joy —
Life, alas ! fades inglorious away !

“ The World and its Customs — I loathe from my heart —
I would trace out a path of my own —
And shine like a star, in my radiance apart,
Whilst disciples should bend round my Throne ! ”

As she spoke — on the ear of the Maiden there stole
A light sound — as though footsteps drew near —
When a voice — that soon pierced to her innermost soul,
Thus rebuked her, in accents severe —

“Can a servant of God, amid life’s checker’d scene,
Fail her Master’s mild love to recall?
Maiden! turn to the page of His suff’rings to glean
The meek duties appointed to all!

“Say — hast thou nor father nor mother to tend,
Who still needs thy assistance and care?
No widow’d relation — no heart-stricken friend —
Whose distress thou mayst lighten or share?

“Then—turn to the Helpless or Blind within reach,
Who may claim the support of thine arm —
Seek the Naked to clothe — the lone Orphan to teach —
Or to shield from starvation and harm!

“Remember — God dwells with the contrite and meek,
But resists the self-righteous and vain ;
Through the love of thy neighbour, the Lord thou must
seek —

And all fretful impatience restrain —

“Ere thou lead'st a Crusade 'gainst Society's laws —
'Gainst the World and its habits of sin —

Check the pride of thine heart — curb thy temper, and
pause —

Till the Tempter be vanquished within !”

The Mentor was silent — but light from above
Cheer'd the Maiden — as homeward she trod,
To take up her Cross — and her Labour of Love,
In the station assign'd her by God !

34, Berkeley Square,
May 22, 1857.

ADDRESSED

TO MY DEAREST BOY AT ETON,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY,

Feb. 13. 1858.

BELOVED One ! thy Mother's most favourite theme !
 Thine image still haunts her at night in her dream —
 And her first waking thoughts to her Child are given,
 As they rise in a prayer for his weal to Heaven !

Say — why doth she cherish Spring's earliest flower,
 As it opens to life in her garden bower ?
 Oh ! she loves in each blossom a symbol to find
 Of the first dawning powers of the talented mind !

As in Summer she seeks, in that shady retreat,
A shelter from noontide's enervating heat,
She reflects on the short-lived duration of Spring,
And the change a few seasons to Boyhood must bring—

Though in Autumn the flowers lie all scatter'd around,
As she sees golden fruits and rich harvests abound,
She trusts, that as Youth and its pleasures go by,
The treasures of wisdom their place may supply.

And at length, when dark Winter's bleak desolate reign
Brings death to the flowers and the fruits of the plain,
She gratefully lifts up her heart to the sky,
And rememb'ring how little of Man can e'er die,

Prays with fervour, the Child to her bosom so dear,
May be guided by grace through his earthly career,
Until call'd by his Lord, and redeem'd by His love,
He may rise to new life in His Kingdom above.

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.



ALL Honour to Woman! — 'tis Hers to entwine
 In the garlands of Earth Heaven's roses divine!
 Of Love's happy links a blest chain to prepare,
 And beneath the chaste veil of the Graces, with care
 To fan and to nurture with holiest zeal,
 That undying flame — her pure feelings reveal!

Wand'ring wide from Truth's domain,
 Man pursues his wild career —
 Driv'n by restless thoughts, in vain
 He strives o'er Passion's sea to steer —

He strains his eager gaze afar, —
Peace his bosom ne'er can know —
Chasing through each distant star
The dream of bliss he seeks below !

But, with magical glance, that forbids him to roam,
Woman knows how to beckon the fugitive home, —
Alluring him back, present aims to embrace —
Pious daughter of Nature ! thy maidenly grace
'Neath the roof of thy Mother — by modesty
crown'd
With a halo of purity, circles thee round !

Impell'd by thirst of hostile strife,
Man with fierce resistless might,
Rushes wildly on through life,
And scorns the rest — that stays his flight —

Creating, to destroy anew —

His soul's fierce combat ne'er shall close —

E'en like the Hydra's head, that drew

Fresh Life, from Death's successive blows !

But Woman — content with more tranquil a sway —

Plucks the flow'rs of the moment, that bloom on her
way —

And tenderly strives her loved nursling to rear ! —

More unfetter'd than Man, in her limited sphere —

More rich in the knowledge she cares to attain —

And in Poetry's wide universal domain !

Self-sufficing — proud — unbending —

Man's cold breast can never know

How heart with heart, together blending,

Love's diviner joys bestow ;

The soul's sweet interchange unknown,

No melting tears his eyelids pour —

Life's fiercest combats serve alone

To steel his harden'd heart the more !

But, as Eolus' harp quickly trembles with song,

As the soft sighs of Zephyr sweep gently along —

So Woman's kind soul with compassion doth glow ;

And whilst tenderly pain'd with the image of woe,

Her quick-heaving bosom with anguish is riven,

Pearls beam in her eyes—like the dew-drops from

Heaven !

Where lordly Man, alas ! bears sway,

Justice and Right to Force must yield ;

Thus Scythia's swordsmen win the day,

Whilst humbled Persians quit the field !

Passions wild and fierce Desires
Still in furious contest roar —
And Eris' voice alarm inspires,
Where gentler Chloris reign'd before !

But Woman, with 'suasive and eloquent prayers,
The sceptre of sway in society bears, —
Extinguishes discord — that smouldering flame,
Which bursts into hate — in the rivals for fame ;
Heals the feuds which for ages have sever'd each
race,
And unites mortal foes in a loving embrace !

LINES
ADDRESSED TO MY DEAREST BOY,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY,
Feb. 13, 1859.

As on milestones, which border the highway of life,
We gaze on the years that go by —
Oh, may this, which now dawns on thee, loved one! be
rife
With blessings shower'd down from on High!
Now, Childhood is o'er — through the vista of years,
As Life opens her visions so bright,
Gay Hope's aspirations, unsullied by fears,
Shed around thee a halo of light!

Now thy sail is first spread on the ocean of life,

Of the calm of its surface beware —

Lest some treacherous gale stir the waters of strife,

And engulph thy frail bark in its snare —

Should Ambition's fond dream — a proud future of
Fame —

Serve thy young ardent bosom to cheer —

Oh! may zeal for thy God and thy Country proclaim

The true Patriot's noblest career!

Oh! ever, Beloved! — be the ruling desire

Of thy soul by Religion restrain'd —

Lest the noblest self-sacrifice earth can inspire,

Prove an off'ring, by Heaven disdain'd!

Oh! learn each too passionate impulse to sway —

Lean on God — and the victory's won —

And bend at His throne with thy Mother to-day,

When a blessing she craves for her Son!

THE EVENING LANDSCAPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.



THE grove is bright
With a golden light,
And mildly gleams a magic ray,
On woodland tower and ruins grey —
All hush'd and deep,
Is the ocean's sleep —
Swan-like glides the fisher's skiff,
Homewards to its island cliff!

The silv'ry sand,
Gleams on the strand,
Here rosier — there of paler hue —
The sea reflects each cloud to view —
All bathed in light,
Is the foreland's height,
With wavy whisp'ring reeds be-crown'd,
Whilst sea-gulls widely swarm around.

Beside its stream,
Like a painter's dream,
'Mid garden bower and flow'ry dell,
Peeps forth the hermit's mossy cell —
Whilst poplars sigh,
As they wave on high,
The gnarled oak's thick arms o'ershade
The rocky streamlet of the glade.

The glow is o'er,
On the wave and shore —
And paler gleams the evening ray,
On woodland height and ruins grey !

E. S. C.

1858.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR SON,

ON THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY, SOON AFTER HIS
FIRST DEPARTURE FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

Feb. 13, 1860.



No more in the chambers, late teeming with gladness,

Thy voice, my Beloved One ! enlivens the morn —

In the home of thy childhood, thy Mother in sadness

Sits gazing on all thy memorials — forlorn ! —

The portrait she painted — her sorrow beguiling —

When school harshly summon'd thee first from her
side ;

Thy multiplied image — in Infancy smiling —

In varied attire — as her fancy supplied !

Here, in Greek Fustanella — its wide folds expanding,
With jacket of crimson, and ringlets of gold ;
There, in tartan array'd — or 'mid flower beds standing —
With sword and blue tunic — a warrior bold !
Then a schoolboy in jacket and trowsers — till later,
The youth — like the change in the chrysalis shown, —
A disciple bursts forth of renown'd Alma Mater —
In cap and gold tassel, and wide-spreading gown !

And, now, my Beloved ! — as the curtain is rising,
Which veils this new scene of thy life from our view —
May the prospect it opens — each hope realising,
Which Youth's brightest visions or fancy e'er drew —
Conduct thee through paths of distinction and glory,
A classical halo encircling thy name —
To emulate Those — who, in Britain's proud story,
Shone forth in her Senate — allied to her fame

But, my Son!—'tis a Mother's fond claim to remind thee
That talents—however transcendent they prove,
Can ne'er work out *alone* the proud task that's assign'd thee,
Nor draw down the Blessing of God from above!
'Tis the Statesman—who looks for his guidance to Heaven—
Who devotes all his pow'rs to the good of mankind—
To whose labour—that richest of harvests is given,—
In his Country's success—his own glory to find!

May this noble ambition, thy bosom inspiring—
Extend thy domain o'er the hearts of the crowd!
Their passions restrain—and with patience untiring—
Control the perverse—and conciliate the proud!
Thy Saviour's mild doctrines through life still maintaining,
Whole years in exertion and usefulness pass'd—
May a zeal for God's glory—thy courage sustaining,
Still throb in each pulse of thy heart to the last!

Oh, Reginald ! — shining and blest beyond measure,
Returns, through the cloud of fond memories gone,
This day—when I first hail'd with rapture the treasure —
All thanks be to God ! — of a dutiful Son !
And now, my loved Child ! — may His blessing attend
thee,
Who alone each event of thy life doth control, —
From Danger preserve — in Temptation defend thee,
And stamp His own image Divine on thy soul !

ADDRESSED

TO MY DEAREST BOY,

ON THE NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY,

Feb. 13, 1861.

AGAIN, I hail with promise fair
 Thy festal morn draw near —
 For God hath heard thy Mother's prayer,
 And bless'd thy young Career !
 So, when to this fond lay 'tis given,
 At dawn — to meet thine eyes —
 Together — let our hearts to Heav'n —
 In Adoration rise !

Though round my path the daylight die —

And shades of evening close —

Bright Summer suns shall gild thy sky,

And radiant scenes disclose !

But short our life ! — Hope's brightest aims

In mid career o'ercast —

Our vision'd future — Memory claims,

To rank it with the past !

E'en so — but though each prospect fade,

Which earthly bounds confine —

Our Souls for nobler scenes were made,

Where reigns a Light Divine !

On loftier aspirations bent,

With hopes for ever new —

The Christian looks through Time — content

That Heaven should bound his view !

Nor fear — ye Votaries of Fame !

Whose hearts within you burn,
A bright imperishable name
Through Patriot zeal to earn —
The Christian — should with less renown,
The Statesman's influence wield —
Results less proud — His labours crown
Than earth-born glories yield !

Can toil, that Christian love inspires,
E'er tame the Patriot's zeal ?
Or quench the flame his bosom fires,
To aid his country's weal ?
Vain dream ! — where noblest talents reign,
If Christian truths abide —
These shall the Statesman's soul sustain —
His glory — and his guide !

Then, Reginald ! this fate be thine !

Hold fast within thy breast

Each sacred truth—each Rule Divine —

Which makes Ambition blest !

And should, henceforth, thy bright Career

Its early promise keep —

'Twould shed a gleam — our hearts to cheer,

Ere yet in death we sleep !

Political Fragments

NOVEMBER, 1831.



SAY, what do you think of the King's Proclamation?
Old Doctor Grey's opiate to calm irritation,
The result of the King's and Lord Wharncliffe's flirtation —

The Radicals find it a bitter potation,
For peace and good order are their detestation.
They long to haul Bishops and Deans from their station,
And rejoice in the hope of the Peers' degradation,
When the Bill they have gorged shall commence operation,

And the Chamber of Deputies suffer purgation,

Themselves the first victims of such alteration.
Oh ! should the King yield to this rage for creation
Of Peers, in this moment of wild agitation,
Besides the large batch at the last Coronation,
Call'd up but to hasten their own condemnation,
And offer their names at the shrine of the Nation,
I'll venture to give him a slight intimation,
His Majesty's self may incur deprivation,
At least of *one* Crown, at King Dan's instigation —
'Tis therefore we make this — our last Protestation !

THE
PREMIER'S SPEECH,

TO BE DELIVERED DURING THE SESSION OF
1848.



I RISE, Sir, in my place — as first
Adviser of the Crown —
To lay before the House a Bill
To put Oppression down —

Unfetter'd Freedom it proclaims
To all within the State —
Abolishes the Penal code,
And bursts each prison gate!

Too long — one injured class hath writhed
 Beneath the Law's restraint —
Too long — to Heaven from dungeon cell,
 Hath risen the victim's plaint !

There — sever'd from his brother man —
 He pines through years of pain ;
Because he own'd — by Nature urged —
 Too keen a thirst for gain !

Or, nurs'd in Freedom's lap, and fired
 By bold enthusiast aims,
He nobly felt — o'er Rich men's goods
 The Poor held equal claims —

Another — in the neighbouring cell —
 Is doom'd to pay with life,
A moment's anger — when, alas !
 He raised the assassin's knife !

But, can we, Sir, with reason hope,
In this enlighten'd age,
To mend mankind by force — and thus
A war with Nature wage?

Away with dreams like these! — henceforth
Let prejudice give place
To loftier philanthropic schemes,
To raise the Human race!

Let crime and penance — words of woe
That grate on Mercy's ear —
Be changed for Freedom, unrestrain'd
By vile and slavish fear—

Then let us, Sir—no more presume,
With Pharisaic pride,
To brand our brother with the names
Of Felon — Parricide!

But rather kindly feel for those
Who 'gainst the laws offend —
And to this injured race — the hand
Of fellowship extend —

In short, Sir — I confess I feel
That Period is arrived —
That Crisis in the world — from stern
Necessity derived,

When Social Power must abdicate
Its artificial rule —
And Truths Divine and Moral yield
To Nature's milder school —

No longer, then, shall Turk or Jew
Of partial laws complain —
Nor prevalence of Christian truths
His feelings wound again —

Thus shall invidious barriers cease

To mar Creation's plan —

And Good and Bad, on equal terms —

Enjoy the Rights of Man !

Then, let me urge this House, once more

To lend its Vote to-night,

To free us from the withering curse

Of stern Oppression's blight —

And cleanse us from that ling'ring stain

Which stamp'd the barbarous age,

When Persecution's bloody hand

Defac'd the Historic page —

And now — I humbly trust — the House

Will not be led astray

By that illiberal class that rul'd

Of yore, with tyrant sway —

But whose decreasing numbers prove
Its bigot reign is o'er —
Though some, with blind fanatic zeal,
Would fain its Creed restore —

Some wild Enthusiast yet may seek
A precedent to find,
For severance 'twixt the Good and Bad,
And thralldom o'er mankind,

In that Mysterious Book — which Priests
And Tories still revere —
But whose exploded truths — this Age
Rejects — as too severe —

That Book — of old in nurseries taught,
Still used in village schools ;
But which — as liberal statesmen see —
Contains Utopian rules.

Sir, in the name of Charity,

I've toil'd through pain and strife,
To banish all distinctive Creeds —
All Faith from Public life !

This point accomplish'd — ceaseless war,
Untired, I'll yet maintain —
Till Saintly Good to Evil yield
Its equal rights again !

This Principle—I cannot, Sir —
Commend on higher ground —
Than as the well-known Creed, of that
“Bold Orator” renown'd * —

Whose Eloquence — surpassing all
That grac'd th' Augustan age —
Still captivates our classic taste
In Milton's deathless page.

* Satan — *vide* Paradise Lost.

So deep an insight into Man
His Doctrines there reveal —
That mortals — while this world shall last —
His power must ever feel !

And though 'twere vain in *me* to hope,
Like *Him* — mankind to move,
Dauntless, at least — till language fail —
My deathless zeal shall prove !

Now — trusting to the Fame of that
Authority I quote —
Ere I sit down — I ask the House
To sanction by its Vote —

This Bill — for the Establishment
Of Claims — withheld too long —
This Bill — to abolish Punishment —
And level Right and Wrong !

AN
UNREPORTED SPEECH,

June, 1849.

FROM THE LADIES' GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



THE theorists of the present day,
Who rule the world with iron sway,
So little care what Interests fail,
Provided their designs prevail —
That Army — Navy — all may go —
The Church — they deem but empty show —
And as for Farmers' piteous cries,
Of course enlighten'd Whigs despise
The prayers of loyal Boors and Squires,
And Lord-Lieutenants of the Shires —

When Prussia toadied Mrs. Fry,
That ogling nymph — Free Trade — stood by,
Brought over in her Master's suite,
To lure Sir Robert to her feet —
The prize she sought — was quickly won —
Her willing victim soon undone —
But England's Bark will rue the Day
Her Pilot cut her Masts away ! —
Woe to the Land — whose rulers claim
An all-despotic right to frame
A *beau-idéal* — model form —
To which all Interests must conform —
Regardless of a Nation's cries,
To please their Dilettante eyes,
Each victim is condemn'd in turn
To torture, by these judges stern,
Until he take, by line and rule,
Th' exact proportions of their school.

If *one* be deem'd a head too tall —
No hope remains — that head must fall —
If *one* exceed in breadth of waist —
He's pared — to suit the Master's taste,
Till writhing — bleeding — maim'd and torn —
Cursing the day that saw them born —
Each once light-hearted, happy class
Before their tyrants, weeping, pass
Without a hope — for well they know
Reformers heed not human woe!
No! — Theorists' bosoms changed to stone,
Unmov'd by tears or sorrow's groan,
See but one use to make of Man! —
A Tool — for carrying out their plan, —
On which so madly bent they seem,
Though thousands perish through their scheme,
They fain would have us all believe
That prejudice alone could grieve

If Britain's sturdy peasant race
Were swept from off the country's face —
The thistle and the weed forlorn
Replaced her smiling fields of corn,
Her Wooden Walls — her pride of yore —
Were left to rot upon her shore,
Her decks — once mann'd by seamen bold —
Abandon'd for the lust of gold —
And her unconquer'd hearts of oak
As hirelings served, 'neath foreign yoke,
The flag of many a rival power
That struck to *ours* in Glory's hour !
But Honour's voice no longer fires
The cold Cosmopolite's desires —
The blood that warms a Briton's veins
Is changed to ice — where avarice reigns !
Coldly they turn from misery's prayer,
And thus their heartless views declare —

- “ If e’er, in furtherance of our plan,
“ We’ve trampled on the Rights of Man —
“ If daily, to insure success,
“ We’re driven anew some Class t’ oppress —
“ What matters — if amidst the crowd
“ Some — roughly handled, murmur loud ?
“ This sacrifice of human blood
“ Is tending to the general good.
“ Though Ruin mark our present sway,
“ And millions curse us day by day,
“ Posterity our schemes will bless —
“ When, crown’d at length with full success,
“ The offspring of this mangled race
“ Will spring to life in matchless grace,
“ And future generations own
“ They owe their form to us alone !
“ The bold creation of a sect
“ Resolved each scruple to reject,

“ And wade through seas of blood and tears
“ Triumphant o’er a Nation’s fears —
“ To force, ’midst agony and strife,
“ Our *beau-idéal* into Life ! ”

Alas ! — how Patriot bosoms bleed,
To think such baseborn thoughts can breed
In hearts that own a kindred name,
And brotherhood with Britons claim !
Oh ! ye — who for your country’s weal
Still dare to own a filial zeal,
Think how of yore Ten righteous men
Had saved their city — had but Ten
Been found, whilst God yet stay’d His hand,
He had not cursed that sinful Land !
Then, Britons, let us not despair,
But — turning to our Lord in prayer,
Not trusting to *Our* righteousness
But to His power, our arms to bless,

Strain every nerve to turn aside
Perils that menace far and wide—
Avert each parricidal blow
Aim'd by false-hearted sons or foe —
From all our councils boldly chase
That weakness that invites disgrace ;
In strict obedience to her laws,
Fight manfully in Britain's cause,
And should her triumph claim our death,
Secure it—with our latest breath !

June 7, 1849.

DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
LORD ABERDEEN AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
IN DOWNING STREET,
Dec. 29, 1852.

LORD ABERDEEN.

“WELL, Johnny, so we’re housed at last!

And Derby’s *out* — and we are *in* —

We’ll draw a veil across the past,

And scorn the Carlton’s factious din!

“’Tis true — we are a motley crew —

Of jarring Elements combin’d

N’importe — “The Times” has got its cue,

And swears we’ve but *One* soul and mind!

“ And though, dear John !—in days of old,

’Twixt you and me—a gulf was seen—

’Tis now—a rivulet of gold—

With Diggings—where we both may glean—

“ Lur’d by the sparkling of its wave,

Dreaming of Foreign broils no more—

Recover’d from the kick you gave—

E’en Palmerston frequents our shore !

“ Molesworth and Gladstone have agreed

T’ exchange their works—and—by my troth—

So wide and liberal is their Creed—

Hobbes is the best Divine for both !”—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

“ Well, Aberdeen—you may be right—

But still—the tug of war’s to come—

We’ve play’d a scurvy trick to Bright—

Cobden and Manchester look glum !

“ The Pope’s brigade — by Lucas led —
Growls threatening from the Sister Isle —
To pour destruction on our head,
And decimate our rank and file !

“ Alas ! to think that I should live
To hear that black and white ’s the same ;
That Liberal and Conservative
Have *never* differ’d but in name !

“ I wish you’d held this Creed, alas !
When *I* was at the Helm of yore —
You, wouldn’t have been so long at grass —
But left me Premier — as before !

“ I can’t believe — when troubles come —
You’ll still retain your lofty perch —
You’ll find you’ve disappointed some
Who’ll rat — and leave you in the lurch !

“ If you Religious Freedom name,
The High Church, all, will take offence ;
They’ll say — the promises you claim
Were giv’n in a *non-natural* sense !

“ Depend upon it — Aberdeen,
Reformers at your shackles scoff ;
They’ll plainly ask you — what you mean,
And if you shuffle — cast you off !

“ I know not why my spirits fail,
Since link’d in these new bonds with thee —
But oft, alas ! I mourn my tail —
It was my *Own* — and follow’d *Me* !

“ You Peelites — scorning Derby’s Rule,
Tinged with the ancient bitter leaven —
Preferr’d — the Motto of your School —
To reign in Hell — than serve in Heaven !

“ But, oh ! — when Parliament shall meet,
They’ll say *I* play’d my cards but ill,
To jockey Derby from his seat,
That *you* — not *I* — his place should fill.

“ Better have gulp’d the Budget down,
Till *you* were safely housed at Nice,
Than, like a sorry Christmas clown,
Aid Harlequin to reign in peace ! ”

LORD ABERDEEN.

“ Come, come, dear Johnny — don’t look blue —
I’ll whisper something in your ear —
I hold the cards — but play for *you* —
The game is *yours* — within the year !

“ I handle but the reins awhile,
Till our wild colts in harness run ;
Till Whigs and Peelites — rank and file —
With Radicals and Church — are *one* !

“Till every class we represent

Has learnt its scruples to despise —

And England's future Government

Finds nothing left to sacrifice !

“Then, Johnny — do not take offence —

To you — my post I'll shortly yield —

I'm sick of National Defence —

Militia — Navy — sword and shield !

“Should Frenchmen on our shores appear,

'Twould only serve to check our pride —

I'd rather see Napoleon here —

Than Derby at the Helm preside !”

LETTER
FROM
THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO THE EARL OF
ABERDEEN,

PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND, GOVERNOR OF HARROW SCHOOL,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

(Supposed by H. I. Majesty to be the Inventor of
the Monitorial System.)



My Lord, — I am rejoiced to hear
That, underneath your rule,
Those Doctrines — which I hold so dear —
Are taught in Harrow School —
I'm told — your Deputy must name
A Council Board of ten —
Empower'd at will, to scourge and maim
The Harrow Boys and Men !

I know, my Lord—you mourn with *me*,
As fatal to *our* sway,
That Love of Freedom, which we see
Your countrymen betray —
And, as all wary statesmen find,
Ere they a land oppress —
They, with that Nation's youthful mind
Must tamper with success —

'Tis wise in you, my Lord, to tame
The blood in British veins,
Which fires her sons to spurn with shame —
Dishonour's tyrant chains !
If once — within each daring breast,
You could but quench that fire —
England must droop her lofty crest —
And Freedom's name expire !

Then soon would my Paternal rule
O'er Stamboul's tow'rs extend —
And you — as Lord of Harrow School —
Your Christian influence lend,
To crush each vain delusive aim
Blind Europe yet may own —
And my supremacy proclaim
In Liberty's last groan !

Then — in this proffer'd symbol trace
The views *we* entertain —
And let the Russian Knout replace
The Monitorial Cane !
And may this off'ring which I send,
Ere many a year shall pass —
'Neath Despot Rule your Country bend —
Your faithful

NICHOLAS.

A

WARNING VOICE FROM THE LADIES'
GALLERY,

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

During the Debate of July 30, 1858, on the subject of Competitive
Examination.



ENGLAND, beware! — thy Sons of old,
Who made thee what thou art,
Were strong in frame — of spirit bold —
Fearless, and stout of heart!
No midnight toil their nerves unbraced
By College rules severe —
No pallid cheek its languor traced
To vigils lone and drear!

Beware — lest Those on whom ye build

Your hopes of future Fame —

Be doom'd — their destiny fulfill'd —

To weep o'er Britain's shame !

Had Pedagogues of yore prevail'd

The ardent youth to cram —

And e'en where health and vigour fail'd,

Still plied the mental Dram —

Till Brain o'ertax'd, and Nerves unstrung,

Combined his Soul to tame —

And crush the hopes that fondly clung

To noblest Deeds of Fame !

Deform'd in Body — weak in Mind —

A Race degenerate grown —

Too late, alas ! — had waked to find

Its pristine vigour flown !

How many a Name to England dear,
Her Glory and her Pride —
Arrested in its bright career —
Unknown to Fame — had died !
Trafalgar ne'er had heard the roar
Of Britain's conquering shouts,
Had Nelson — at the Board of yore —
Been pluck'd by Pedant Louts !

Had Competition's stringent claim
Clive's youthful efforts cross'd —
Hearts, that now beat at Plassey's name —
Had wept an Empire lost !
Beware, then, of this reckless School,
Despotic in its sway —
Lest its unbridled lust of rule
Cause Britain's swift decay.

For what avail her Heroes slain —
 Their blood in torrents pour'd —
If Glory fire her Sons in vain,
 Unsanction'd by the Board?
If Britain — fool'd by Faction still,
 Submit to court disgrace —
Whilst dastard Pedants of the Quill
 Emasculate her race?

Comic Songs

THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

I'm a thorough Conservative Peer,
And I fain would leave things as they were ---
But My Lady loves change --- and I fear
She will drive me at last to despair !
A few weeks ago — I came here
With my Bride — 'twas an awful mistake ---
But little I dreamt — oh dear !
The Reforms she intended to make !

If I go for an hour to ride,
And breathe in the Warren, fresh air —
On returning — I find that my Bride
Has moved every table and chair —
Each morning she watches the glass —
And if it portend rain or storm —
She deems it the moment, alas ! —
To further her plans of Reform !

Ye Spiders ! — with me may condole,
When regardless of Centuries' dust,
She ransacks each corner and hole
For old Porcelain — a Tripod, or Bust ! —
There's no end to her rage for display —
Ornamental Nick-nack — Alabaster —
Oh, how happy I was in that day —
When I felt in this house I was Master !

There's not now in my Study a nook
Which my own, I may venture to call,
For my Wife carries off every book —
Parliamentary Papers — and all !
She may tell me, my house is improved,
That my rooms and my tables look finer —
But each thing that was useful 's removed,
To make way for the Albums and China !

Ev'ry day, some new plan she proposes —
She won't leave e'en my Garden in peace ! —
Not content with Geraniums and Roses —
She buys flowers at *ten* guineas apiece !
She plucks up the Plants in my Borders —
She cuts down the Trees in my Wood ; —
If I question her fanciful orders
She tells me — “ My Taste is not good ! ”

At the Board, now, I never attend,
As a Guardian to watch o'er the Poor —
But I tremble — as homeward I bend —
Lest my Wife should have block'd up the door!
For she threatens to pull down a wing —
And to alter the old Baron's Hall —
Grant, ye Gods! — that her whims may not bring
On our heads — the old mansion to fall!

Oh ye! — that are single and free,
And can rule in your house as you please --
Take this brotherly warning from *Me* —
None but Bachelors live at their ease!
Too often some Helpmate we take,
To manage our Household with care —
Oh! — beware of this grievous mistake —
Lest she drive you, like me, to Despair!

I NEVER BELIEVE WHAT I HEAR.



My dear Lady Mary — you begg'd me to call,
And tell you the news of the day —
So, as I've been chatting with good Mrs. Hall,
I thought I'd step over the way —
She always has plenty of stories to tell —
But one, alas! grieves me, my Dear!
For I know both the parties exceedingly well —
But I never believe what I hear!

You know Captain Douglas, who married Miss Brown,
And who seem'd so devoted and true !
Well, they quarrell'd the moment they got out of town,
For he found out his wife was a Blue !
So he turn'd out a Flirt — and I'm sorry to add
Mrs. Douglas grew jealous, my dear !
And her temper, they say, is so shockingly bad —
But I never believe what I hear !

She told me, besides, that Lord Archibald Grey
Is to marry his cousin at last —
'Tis a very bad match — for I'm sorry to say
That for years he's been living too fast ! —
To pay off his Debts — his estates must be sold —
He once had Ten Thousand a year !
But the Jews were too sharp for his Lordship, I'm told —
But I never believe what I hear !

'Tis a very sad business — if true — this affair —
Betwixt Emily Bland and Lord John —
I thought she was brought up too well — I declare —
To elope with a poor younger son !
So prudent she seem'd — so retired and demure, —
Mothers called her a Pattern, my Dear ! —
And then — to elope with Lord John, to be sure ! —
But — I never believe what I hear !

Oh ! could you have thought it — that gay Lady Anne
Is a good sober Wife after all ?
But then she has married a sensible man,
Who won't let her go to a Ball !
They say he's a very superior mind —
Though some think his notions are queer —
And I've heard it just whisper'd, he's not very kind, —
But — I never believe what I hear !

Yet — between you and I, Dear! — I wish Mrs. Hall

Had not such a scandalous tongue —

For — amongst her old friends, there's not *One*, after
all —

Whose Praise she e'er willingly sung!

But yet, I confess that I love a good chat —

'Tis so very amusing, my Dear!

Though 'tis scandal and gossip — what signifies that?—

For I never believe what I hear!

DORSETSHIRE HOUSE.



ALL the world has been ask'd to the Party to-night —

'Twill be the most brilliant display of the year !

Mrs. George will be there — though her daughter's a fright —

And Lady Jane Rook — with her three girls — I hear —

Mrs. Candour's invited — though no one knows why —

And that forward, detestable, little Miss Rouse !

What can be the reason my Daughter and I

Alone are excluded from Dorsetshire House ?

My Daughter is handsome — no Girl so well drest —

Her gowns alone cost me five hundred a year !

'Midst the waltzers at Almack's she's reckon'd the best ;

And the women all envy her figure — I hear ! —

Yet, despite of her beauty — she often sits by,

Whilst the men are all crowding round little Miss Rouse —

She is sure to be ask'd — while my Daughter and I —

Are always excluded from Dorsetshire House !

Every week, I have call'd on his niece at his door —

I have ask'd all his cousins to dinner in turn —

Left my card with his sisters — what could I do more ?

Since they never have visited me in return —

I don't care for the Ball — but you all will agree

'Tis enough to provoke one, when little Miss Rouse

Comes sneeringly up to my Daughter and me —

“ Of course I shall meet you at Dorsetshire House ! ”

'Tis in vain that we open our House all the year,

And give entertainments of every sort —

Have a box at the Opera, on the best tier —

And are seen at the Balls and the Parties at Court!—

In spite of it all, still my Daughter and I

Are doom'd to neglect, whilst that little Miss Rouse

Has the world at her feet—and I cannot tell why

She is always invited to Dorsetshire House!

I would give up my efforts — abandon each hope —

And try to grow callous to every slight —

But I cannot endure that *we* only should mope,

When the town is all radiant with joy and delight.

They tell me, my Girl — (and I think they are right)

Shares the heart of a Marquis with little Miss Rouse —

Oh! he might have proposed for my Daughter to-night—

Had we been but invited to Dorsetshire House!

There's a Rap at the door! — oh! perhaps 'tis a card!

I am trembling with hope — and I'm breathless with
fear!

Nay — 'tis only a note! — oh! my fate is too hard!

Then we shall *not* be ask'd to this Party — 'tis clear!
But — what do I read? — oh! I'm ready to fall! —

The Marquis is going to marry Miss Rouse!! —
She tells me 'twas settled last week at the Ball,

From which *we* were excluded at Dorchester House!

THE
SONG OF THE CRINOLINE.

DEDICATED TO HER FELLOW-SUFFERERS,
BY A VICTIM.



In the good days of yore — Ten in number, we went
To Church in the Family Pew —
But, alas! — it was never for Crinolines meant!
And its benches now scarcely hold Two! —
So, but once in Five Sundays — you see — we in turn
Can manage the Church to attend —
For—whilst Fashion's our Idol—of course, we must learn
All Worship beside, to suspend!

As at Barry's — to choose Wedding Presents one day —

I was carelessly gazing around —

Lo! my Crinoline swept off the table, a tray

Of Sèvres china — worth Two Hundred Pound!

As I stoop'd in despair — the crush'd fragments to save —

All trembling their value to hear —

How I mentally rav'd — that I'd been such a Slave

To a Fashion — that cost me so dear!

When I learnt the amount of the sum to be paid,

Dreams of Wedding Gifts faded in air!

So, I push'd through the crowd — with my Crinoline's
aid —

And I quitted the Shop in despair! —

But scarce had I gone a few steps in the Street,

When I heard a cry rise from the Ground,

And something alive, catching hold of my Feet

A Young Child 'neath my Crinoline found!

'Twas enough to have broken the China — but oh !

To have stolen a Child was still worse —

So I rush'd to the Shop, where — a Picture of Woe —

Stood the Mother, upbraiding the Nurse !

As homeward I turn'd — Rain beginning to fall —

'Neath the Marble Arch, shelt'ring I stood —

But alas ! — 'twas so small — 'twas no Shelter at all —

For a Crinoline — made *à la mode* !

Last Tuesday — when trav'ling express by the Train —

A Fly was to meet me at Crewe —

But when the Guard open'd the Door — 'twas in vain —

That I struggled — to force myself through —

“ Come, Madam — you have not a moment to spare —

There's the Whistle — the Train must depart.”

I squeez'd and I sidled my Dress in despair,

But my Crinoline baffled all Art !

As the Guard clos'd the Door — I caught sight of the
Fly —

Where my Sister sate wringing her hands —
But our anguish unheeding — th' Express — it rush'd by,
Nor stopp'd — till we reach'd Morecombe Sands !
There Night overtook me — unfriended — forlorn —
E'en the Guard could but smile at my Tale —
Not a Train for the South was to start until Morn,
Whilst it snow'd, and was blowing a Gale !

O'ercome with vexation, fatigue, and distress —
By a desperate effort at last —
I burst the steel Fetters, that circled my Dress —
And with ease through the Doorway I pass'd —
Thus — freed from the Monster — I now could defy —
Half-frantic — I rush'd to disrobe —
And tossing my Crinoline wildly on high —
Saw it mount in the air like a Globe !

Ye Crinoline Vot'ries ! — be warn'd by my Fate —

'Tis a Nuisance, wherever we roam —

'Tis a source of contention — of strife and debate —

And destroys all the Pleasures of Home ! —

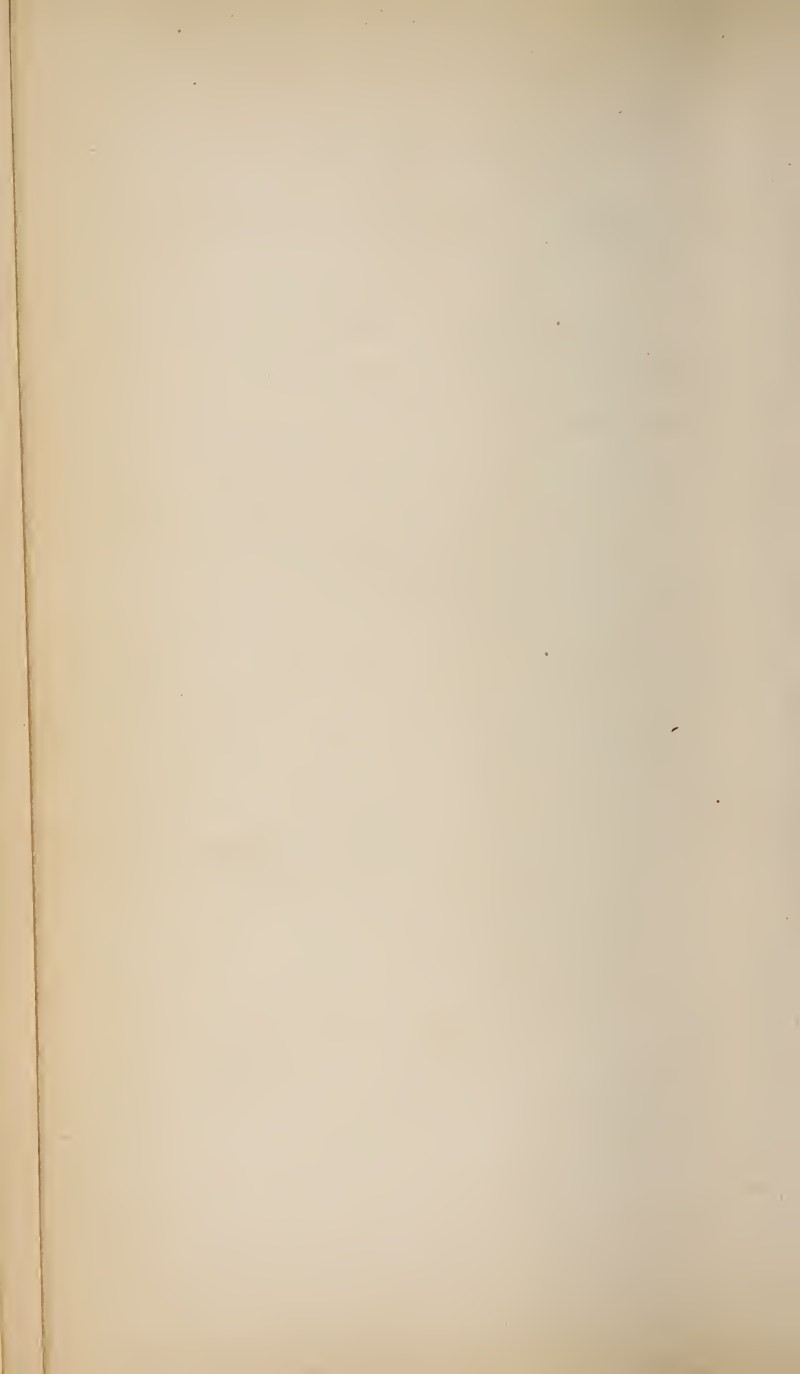
Then, Ladies of England !—Maid—Mother—and Wife !

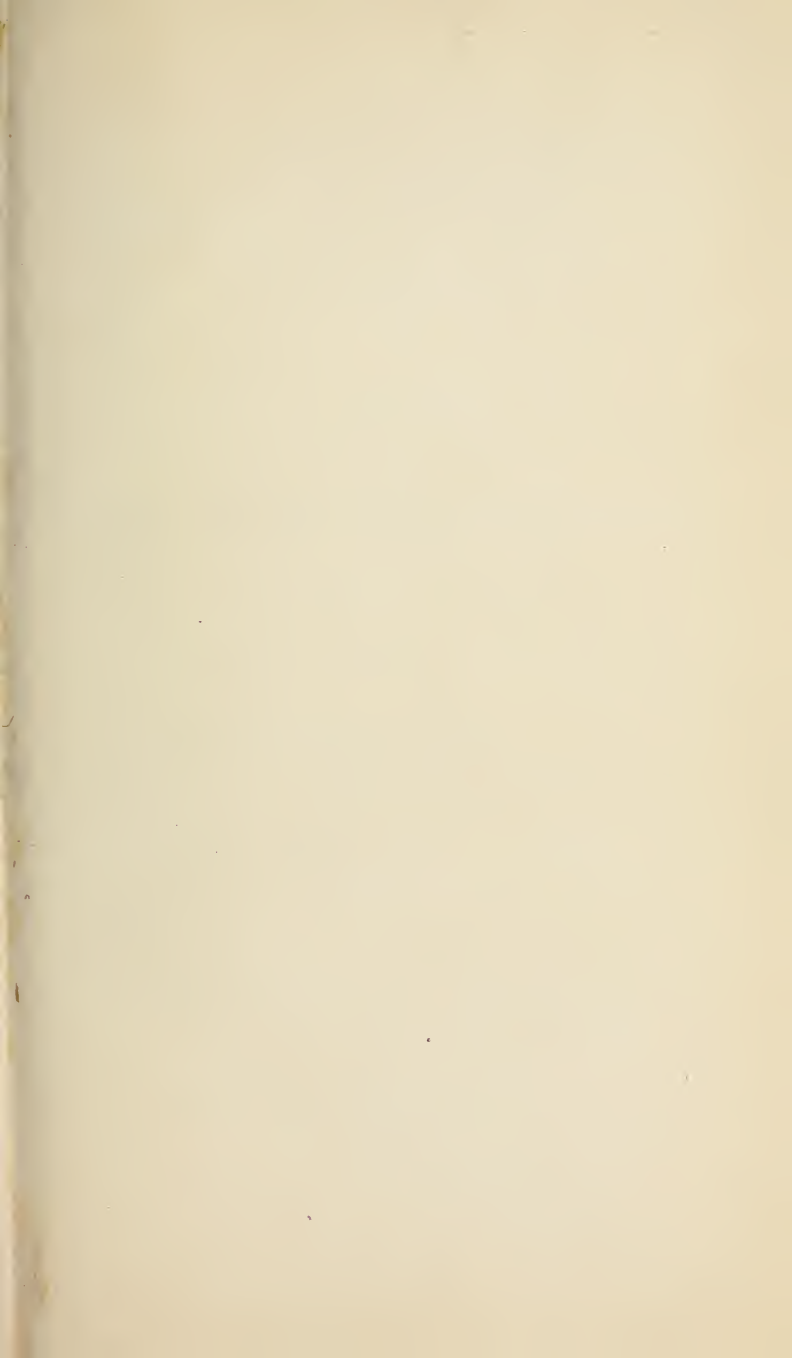
Let us sign an Address to the Queen —

As She values the Duties and Business of Life —

To abolish — the vile Crinoline !

1860.





AN ENIGMA

ADDRESSED

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

October 7, 1849.



My Family consists of Three —
Who live—wherever *You* may be—
Though singular—when I'm alone,
By habit—long familiar grown
I dwell within your hallow'd Home,
And guide your steps—where'er you roam—
Whether you stand—or walk—or ride,
I never wander from your side.

You fly from place to place in vain,
I always follow in your train —
I sit with you 'neath Stanwick's Bow'rs —
I haunt you still 'midst Alnwick's Tow'rs —
At Court, you're ne'er without me seen —
I lend you charms in ev'ry scene —
The Guests around your festive Board
All wait for *Me* with one accord —
Each bows — before he takes his seat —
My name's pronounced e'er they retreat —
Till after *Me*, none e'er retire
To social converse round your fire —
Where still you own my Magic Spell
In all the charms that round you dwell !
I govern all you say or do —
Live in your Thoughts and Language too —
E'en in your most unguarded hour
I rule you with despotic pow'r ! —

My origin from Eve I date —
And so exalted is my State,
Though ancient Ducal rank you claim,
I take precedence of your name !

E. S. C.

Carlisle, Oct. 7, 1849

CHARADES.



TO THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

1855.

As my *First's* in the gift of the Pope,
'Tis an object of Priestly ambition —
Whilst my *Second* affords ample scope
To the Farmer, to mend its condition —
In my *Whole*, where, of yore was immur'd,
Royal Bess, in her Maidenly Tow'r—
Poets, Statesmen, and Wits are now lur'd,
Willing Captives in Salisbury's **B**ow'r!



My *First's* a Convenience—unknown to our Sires—
My *Next* lives in Fire, but in Air it expires—
Yet holds its still reign in the midst of Desires—
My *Third* is a Web, that ensnares small and great,
A Spell cast around them by Merciless Fate—
Whilst—unknown to the Law—my *Whole* governs the
State.

How can you describe Sir Robert Peel's Code of
Political Morality in four Letters?

X — P — D — and C—

I DATE Existence from Creation—

Yet I might be born to-day—

And you pronounce my appellation,

When at meals—your Grace you say!

THERE's a cure for Fright and Terror

Which the Guillotine obtains —

If it turn the one to Error —

Still the other Right remains.

Or,

TELL me how can measures strong,

Which lessen Terror — lead to Wrong —

Whilst the same — applied to Fright —

Diminish it — but lead to Right?

THE END.

LONDON

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